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shown to have their complement in the Christian religion. The book is equally removed from dogmatism and from laxness, and while the author announces the latest results of what may be called New England theology, his discourse is so free from cant and one-sidedness that men of all schools will read him with pleasure. The most striking excellence of the work is the clearness with which it states rudimentary facts; for the author justly maintains that much of the quarrelling about principles in the world might be forestalled by this mode of procedure. The author's chief aim is to show how, through Christianity, the attributes of God are wrought into the conscience and the life of the individual, society, and the state.

The style of the work is clear, but entirely devoid of ornament. It has the nervous energy which a man of mind may always command when his heart gives law to the pen. Judge Nash has evidently written and published this book to do good, and this purpose is manifest on every page.

4.—*Eric, or Little by Little. A Tale of Roslyn School.* By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1859. pp. 366.

THIS is a sad story of boyish experience at an English school; sad not only from the pathos of many of its incidents, but from the picture it presents of moral peril to the young in the system of education it describes. If the English schools are what they are said to be in the books concerning them, they need reformation in many important particulars. If the youth of England are the young brutes our author represents them as being, the lad who is taken from the care of a tender and pious mother, and sent among them, is exposed to an ordeal from which many a man, full grown in principle, might well shrink. Placed in a tumultuous community, where obedience and study are deemed "muffish," and reckless mischief passes for "pluck," a high-spirited, impulsive boy needs aid from without to bear up against the temptations which assail him. And we cannot but feel that our young Eric's intermittent, but earnest efforts to redeem himself, and to assert his original manliness, should meet with better success. Their utter futility almost brings the reader to the poor boy's own conclusion, that some fiend is pursuing him, and he "must go to the bad," whether or no. The story is told with spirit, and the contrasts of character are well drawn. In the desire to present a powerful warning to boys to beware of small beginnings in evil, the author has, perhaps involuntarily, intensified his illustrations beyond the strict limits of probability.

We lose the wish to blame our little hero, through learning to pity him for the bitter sufferings his errors bring upon him, and are not able to resist the impression, that, though the punishment is all his, the sin belongs in great part to those about him.

5. — "*Love me Little, Love me Long.*" By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. pp. 435.

MR. READE has often proved his power to write very entertaining stories, and to get up a series of incidents which keep alive the reader's attention, and insure his finishing the volume if he once begin it. His peculiarities of style are strongly marked, and have resulted in a mannerism, from which it seems now quite impossible for him to escape. The tricks of speech in which he indulges with such unlimited freedom, cannot always be effective, and sometimes verge on bad taste. The curt and crispy style, in which he is often very successful, needs but a slight exaggeration to become positively ludicrous as well as weak. Take, for instance, in the volume before us, the closing lines of a description of an evening which has been spent by the hero in relating nautical adventures to the heroine and her uncle. "The sea-wizard's eye fell on the mantelpiece. Died, in a moment, his noble ardor. 'Why, it is eight bells,' said he, servilely; then, doggedly, 'Time to turn in.'"

The author's aim in this tale seems to be to prove the inability of the conventionally elegant and high-bred to stand before uncultivated native strength and true-heartedness. For this purpose the wealthy and aristocratic portion of his *dramatis personæ* are made selfish, false, and cold, and all the nobility of nature is appropriated by those in an inferior social position. A heavy draft is made upon the heroine and also on the reader, in the first place, by naming the hero "David Dodd," and afterward by the absurdities consequent upon introducing him, the mate of a merchant-vessel, among the fine ladies and gentlemen whose ancestors "came in with the Conqueror." David triumphs, of course, over all obstacles, and wins the heroine for his wife. He is a noble fellow in the main, though we think the "simplicity" of his character, on which the author dwells with great complacency, is sometimes overdone, and we confess to a weak regret that he is allowed to make himself so indisputably ridiculous as he does on several occasions. The conversations are, many of them, in Mr. Reade's best style, and that is saying a great deal. Racy and piquant, they reveal the characters with infinite skill. We should think, however, that the ladies would